

THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.

The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With
MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers

Ens'aver of Hearts

By NELL BRINKLEY

Copyright, 1920, International Feature Service, Inc.

When a Girl Marries

An Interesting Story of
EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle

(Continued From Yesterday.)

He said coolly: "Men don't do that sort of thing as a rule. Weak intellects—weak that refuse from trouble; but his is not a weak character."

"I won't talk about it," she said. "I've told you more than I ever meant to. Now you know where I stand, what I fear—his death—if I dishonor dad's memory and go away with you. And if I ask divorce, he will give it to me—and then kill himself. Do you think I could accept even you on such terms as these?"

"No," he said. "He looked at her intently. She stood there very white, now her grey eyes and the masses of chestnut hair accentuating her pallor. "All right," he said, "I'll take you to town."

"Yes, if you wish. When you go downstairs tell them to send up my trunk. Tell one of the maids to come."

"You can't go off this way, tonight. You've two guests here," he said in a dull voice.

"You will be here."

"No."

"Oswald called me on the long distance wire an hour ago. He has asked me to go to town and look at the sketch he has made for the fountain. I said I'd go."

She dropped to the couch and sat there with gray eyes remote, her shoulders, in their jeweled kimono, huddled under her heavy mass of hair.

"Stay there for a while, anyway," he said. "There's no use taking such action until you have thought it over. And such action is not new to you, Steve."

"It is."

A SIMPLER SOLUTION.

"No. There is a much simpler solution for us both. I shall go abroad."

"What?" she exclaimed sharply, lifting her head.

"Of course. Why should you be driven into the arms of a husband you do not love just because you are afraid of what you and I might do? That would be a senseless proceeding, Steve. The thing to do is to rid yourself of me and live your life as you choose."

She laid her head on her hands, pressing her forehead against her clenched fingers.

"That's the only thing to do, I guess," he said in his curiously colorless voice. "I came too late."

"I'm paying for it. I'll go back to Paris and stay for a while. Time does things to people."

She nodded her bowed head. "Time," he said, "forces an armor on a man. I'll wait until mine is well riveted before I return. You're quite right, Steve. You and I can't go on like this. There would come a time when the intense strain would break us both—break down our resolution and our sense of honor—and we'd go away together—make each other wretched here. Because there's no real happiness for you and me without honor, Steve. Some people can do without it. We can't."

NO HAPPINESS.

"We might come to think we could. We might take the chance. We might repeat the static old phrase and try to 'count the world well lost.' But there would be no happiness for you and me, Steve. For, to people of our race, happiness is composite. Honesty is part of it; loyalty to ideals is another; the world's respect, the approval of our heart, the recognition of our responsibility to the civilization that depends on such as we—all these are part of the only kind of happiness that you and I can understand and experience. So we must give it up. And the best way is the way I offer. Let me go out of your life for a while. Live your own life as you care to live it. Time must do whatever else is to be done."

The girl lifted her disheveled head and looked at him. "Are you going tonight?"

"Yes."

"You are not coming back?"

"No, dear."

She dropped her head again. There was a train at four that afternoon. He took a gay and casual leave of Helen and Grayson, where he found them reading together in the library.

"Will you be back tomorrow?" inquired the latter.

"I'm not sure. I may be detained for some time," said Cleland carelessly. And went upstairs.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

(Copyright, 1917, 1918, by the International Magazine Company.)

This Day in Our History.

This is the anniversary of the discovery by Columbus, at 2 a. m., 1492, of the New World. He thought he had found a passage to India when he took possession in the name of the King of Spain.

HOW TO KEEP THE CHILD WELL.

The Washington Times has arranged with the U. S. Public Health Service to answer all questions submitted by its readers in regard to the health of the child.

Address, Child Health Editor, The Washington Times, Washington, D. C.

Mother's have learned to weigh their babies; they must also learn that it is just as important to weigh their older boys and girls.

When children do not grow or gain regularly in weight, something is wrong. If these boys and girls are weighed regularly every month this condition of malnutrition would be discovered early and not allowed to go on to serious consequences.

The causes of malnutrition are in most cases not difficult to find. Among the most important are:

1. The child does not get sufficient food.

2. He does not get the right kind of food. He spoils his appetite for simple foods needed for growth, such as milk, cereals, vegetables, etc., by excessive indulgence in candy, sweets, pastry, and other indigestible food.

3. He eats irregularly, between meals, spoiling his digestion by cakes and trash.

4. He has his food, never taking time enough at meals to chew his food properly, but washes it down with water.

5. He drinks tea or coffee instead of milk and water.

6. He does not get enough sleep; at ten or eleven years he does not get to bed until 10 o'clock or after when he should be in bed at 8 o'clock, and sleep with windows wide open.

7. He suffers from habitual constipation.

8. He gets too much stimulation and emotional excitement—motion pictures, and other evening entertainments.

9. He plays too hard—too many hours or in too active and intense a manner.

10. He is overworked in school or out, sometimes has too many extra lessons or classes outside of school hours.

11. Malnutrition may also be caused or aggravated by such things as decayed teeth, enlarged or diseased tonsils or adenoids, and it may be the beginning of some serious disease.

12. In places where malaria or hookworm are present malnutrition is often the result of these infections.

(Tomorrow we will print tables of height and weight for boys and girls.)



Of course you can't guess who the enslaver of hearts is. It's true his small face is partially hidden behind the bowl from which he's drinking the last drop of milk, but his eyes are visible and he's got them fixed on the face that's looking so lovingly into his. Now you have it! It's those trusting eyes that makes him the enslaver of hearts. Isn't it wonderful how completely the beautiful hero worshiper is at his mercy and how cheerfully she obeys his every gesture? He's a tyrant, too, and, would you believe it, she loves him all the better for it.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Is Marriage a Success?

REPLY TO TURK'S LETTER.

In a republic such as ours, based upon the "Square Deal," the views of a foreigner are perfectly welcome, provided the foreigner is liberal enough to let an ordinary American criticize them when they run counter to American ideals.

A. Z., the Turkish foreigner who volunteers to tell us that our marriage system is based upon "the wrong plan," is evidently a cynic or an egotistical jackass. If his theory is correct, Allah must have overlooked a bet when he failed to provide for the birth of seven girls to every boy. In Turkey, as elsewhere, the birth rate is about even for both sexes. How is this Turkish egotist who brags about being educated at Oxford going to give every "gentleman" seven or eight female concubines if every Turk is going to have his share? Some of the greatest men in history have been educated at Oxford, and some of the greatest cads in oblivion have likewise been educated there, but the greatest ones whose names are stars of the first magnitude in world history have been the husbands of great and good wives whose unions have been indisputable proofs of the Success of Marriage.

Turkish "gentlemen" may call their homes "harems" on the Bosphorus; in America we generally call them houses of ill-fame or dens of prostitution. A Turkish "gentleman" may use a whip to force a favorite mistress to bring him his coffee, but in America where 80 per cent of all our marriages are a success, no gentleman would ever use anything but a LOVING REQUEST to have his wife to bring him a cup of coffee. If Turkey is a country where women are whipped into "loving" their masters, no wonder it is a foul blot upon civilization and no wonder that virtuous Armenian girls have been forcibly made harem slaves when such brutish as Turkish "gentlemen" are permitted to exist.

AMERICAN WOMAN NOT MASTER.

Surely the Turkish-American female that the Turkish "gentleman" is going to bring back to his harem doesn't consider herself a "jewel." If she does, she is evidently some burnt out piece of carbon who couldn't find a real mate in a land of respectability. Know your place, Turk! You are a man who do not believe in harem immorality. These women are successfully and happily married and they do not share their affection with six other concubines.

The Turk is stating a falsehood when he says that in America "the woman is always the master." American women are not masters—they are wives. Their sons have never yet been defeated in any contest. They are always equal with their husbands in the home. No whip is ever kept on the shelf to force them to do their duty. They rule their homes with the greatest LOVE. Seven of them would never share the whip of one egotist. Each of them want their own man.

There are some unsuccessful marriages and some foolish divorces, but the institution of marriage is not the cause of it. The fault lies with the people who marry. Because some men and women are failures doesn't prove that the American people are failures. Because some mollycoddles and some kisseries can't get along in married life doesn't prove that MARRIAGE is a failure.

STATISTICAL EVIDENCE.

Although not married my knowledge of life, gained through reason, observation and experience, has taught me from statistical evidence that Marriage is a Success. To it we owe the greatest of all institutions—THE AMERICAN HOME, where 80 per cent of our people live in happiness and love.

If we were to judge America by certain elements of our "Smart Set" and our "Underworld" perhaps it would be possible to say that our country is "a land of harems," but, thank God, we judge America by the American home, where every woman is the equal of her husband, and where no man would commit suicide if his wife told him he was "naughty," which he sometimes is and ought to be corrected.

Do You Know That—

The Sahara Desert is crossed by a telegraph line nearly 3,000 miles in length.

In spells of dry weather the Koreans write prayers for rain and hang them up on the hillside.

A Japanese servant always holds an open fan before his mouth while receiving orders from a high-born master.

To allow public feeling to soften, a town in England has decided to hide away for five years the German guns presented to the town as souvenirs of the war.

Three representatives of the Davis family are candidates for governorships in the various States in the coming election—Harry L. Davis in Ohio, Jonathan M. Davis in Kansas, and E. W. Davis in Idaho.

At one time things were going so badly with the famous Mysore Gold Mining Company that it was within

an ace of being wound up. Luckily, it was decided to spend the last \$15,000 in further sinking, with the result that a \$40,000,000 worth of pure gold.

On the Gold Coast of Africa still exist the Human Leopard and Human Alligator Societies, the members of which murder for the sake of "medicine" or "ju-ju." The bodies of their victims are always stamped with the societies' trademark, either the leopard's claws or the teeth of the alligator.

Proprietors of first-class hotels in the resorts of southern France complain that alarm is in the habit of putting up at their hotels for the night and disappearing early next morning in their air-lanes without troubling to settle their bills. The hotel men urge the necessity of a force of air police to deal with this new brand of "hotel beat."

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly, and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble, and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences, and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly—your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's consent. Use only one side of the paper.

Address your contributions to
MARRIAGE EDITOR,
The Washington Times,
Washington, D. C.

never yet been defeated in any contest. They are always equal with their husbands in the home. No whip is ever kept on the shelf to force them to do their duty. They rule their homes with the greatest LOVE. Seven of them would never share the whip of one egotist. Each of them want their own man.

There are some unsuccessful marriages and some foolish divorces, but the institution of marriage is not the cause of it. The fault lies with the people who marry. Because some men and women are failures doesn't prove that the American people are failures. Because some mollycoddles and some kisseries can't get along in married life doesn't prove that MARRIAGE is a failure.

STATISTICAL EVIDENCE.

Although not married my knowledge of life, gained through reason, observation and experience, has taught me from statistical evidence that Marriage is a Success. To it we owe the greatest of all institutions—THE AMERICAN HOME, where 80 per cent of our people live in happiness and love.

If we were to judge America by certain elements of our "Smart Set" and our "Underworld" perhaps it would be possible to say that our country is "a land of harems," but, thank God, we judge America by the American home, where every woman is the equal of her husband, and where no man would commit suicide if his wife told him he was "naughty," which he sometimes is and ought to be corrected.

Do You Know That—

The Sahara Desert is crossed by a telegraph line nearly 3,000 miles in length.

In spells of dry weather the Koreans write prayers for rain and hang them up on the hillside.

A Japanese servant always holds an open fan before his mouth while receiving orders from a high-born master.

To allow public feeling to soften, a town in England has decided to hide away for five years the German guns presented to the town as souvenirs of the war.

Three representatives of the Davis family are candidates for governorships in the various States in the coming election—Harry L. Davis in Ohio, Jonathan M. Davis in Kansas, and E. W. Davis in Idaho.

At one time things were going so badly with the famous Mysore Gold Mining Company that it was within

an ace of being wound up. Luckily, it was decided to spend the last \$15,000 in further sinking, with the result that a \$40,000,000 worth of pure gold.

On the Gold Coast of Africa still exist the Human Leopard and Human Alligator Societies, the members of which murder for the sake of "medicine" or "ju-ju." The bodies of their victims are always stamped with the societies' trademark, either the leopard's claws or the teeth of the alligator.

Proprietors of first-class hotels in the resorts of southern France complain that alarm is in the habit of putting up at their hotels for the night and disappearing early next morning in their air-lanes without troubling to settle their bills. The hotel men urge the necessity of a force of air police to deal with this new brand of "hotel beat."

jected loudly and was promptly put out on the bricks. After wandering around from one place to another I realized I did love the woman and went back and told her so. She received me gladly. But soon I fell into bad company and drank. We separated. I stopped the drink, was welcomed home again. After drinking again she complained to the police and I was sent to jail. The result was I no longer respected her and I knew I never wanted to love her again. At that time there were two children and to them I returned. The two daughters are now grown up. One is married. She was educated for the stage and is with her husband playing in stock with a splendid salary. The other is away from home working her own way. The wife and I are 150 miles apart. We sometimes exchange letters. I confess I am lonesome for her sometimes. But if my marriage was not a success, when I look at the photos of my beautiful daughters I can say neither was it an entire failure.

F. M. C.

A HUSBAND IS WHAT A WIFE WANTS HIM TO BE.

My views on marriage are from experience. The first six months of my marriage were very much a failure, due, I know, to my own foolishness. But later on, after realizing that I was making myself miserable and also every one else, I tried to be different. I succeeded, and now for nearly a whole year have not heard any more word from my husband and have spoken none to him. I refuse to find fault with him or anything he does, except when he is wrong; and then I have learned that a playful correction goes further than a snappy one. Now my real ambition is to be a good housekeeper and cook. I also hope to be able to take my baby home soon, but the hospital and be a good mother, too.

After all, there is pleasure in pleasing others and happiness in the arms of the right man. Surely I have discovered there is something in the saying "A man is what a woman wants him to be."

KOHO.

WOMAN DOESN'T WANT TO BE SERVANT.

I think marriage is a success if one has real love for one another; money enough to buy luxuries as well as the necessities of life; companionship instead of being master and servant.

The Turkish gentleman's views on the subject I would say that isn't marriage, but it is being the master over servants. That sort of arrangement is all right for the man, but it is a living death for the woman.

As for saying the American husband is pathetic, that is ridiculous. A man that marries a woman because he loves her does not want her to be a servant, but a companion and helpmate, which every loyal wife is proud to be.

(Miss) W. C. B.

Ladies Keep Your Skin Clear, Sweet, Healthy With Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum

know we're here. She's probably staying at the inn and walked her to be alone. What shall we do?"

"We'd better avoid an explosion and go down and wait for a passer-by," replied Jim coldly, aim at maliciously.

"Yes; we'd better get her away before it makes any talk," I agreed. So together we walked down stairs and out to the street. The lead to the river. A man in the road hid it from them for a second and then disappeared. They were swinging down the road and appearing down the bank. At the head of the path before it disappeared away from the road to the river, we met Neal.

"Pat's here," he said. "Phoned he'd take the early train, so I borrowed the little old car. Babbs, and went to meet him. He just went down to his favorite haunt to mope around a bit before the crowd got up."

To Be Continued.

(Copyright, 1920, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

BOOKS

RESCUING THE CZAR. Two authentic diaries arranged and translated by James P. Smythe. San Francisco: California Book Company. 1920. 128 pp. \$1.00.

"Rescuing the Czar" is the story of what is announced as "Two Authentic Diaries Arranged and Translated by James P. Smythe, A. M., Ph. D. Believing in the great value of the Czar's escape from the Bolshevik captors, also a copy of his assistance in being furnished by a person readily identified as Emperor William."

In a foreword, written by W. E. Aughinbaugh, occur the following speculations:

"Is the former Czar and his imperial family still alive? There are millions of people in Europe and America who are asking this question. European governments have considered this question of sufficient interest to justify the investigation by official bodies of the alleged extinction of this ancient royal line. Millions have been expended for that purpose. Collections have been made to investigate the subject after the event. Volumes have been returned of a speculative nature to authenticate a mysterious escape. This investigation has never been explained."

"If 'Rescuing the Czar' does no more than set at rest the fable of the Romanoff, it will have done its work by characterizing the sources and methods and objects of its inspiration. If it performs no other service than to place upon the pale face of tragic possibility the red pink blush of romantic probabilities, it will have justified its presence in the society of the learned by the sincerity of its search for the truth and the depth of its appeal to the conscience of the world."

The diaries, which according to the book, came to hand in roundabout fashion, relate how the author received instructions from the Kaiser to rescue the Czar. They tell of a series of exciting events in obtaining entrance to the house where the Russian royal family were held by the Bolsheviks, and how they were rescued through a secret tunnel. Then the diary goes on to tell how the Romanoffs, after many hardships and narrow escapes from the Bolsheviks, escaped to Tibet.

The chances of "Rescuing the Czar" achieving place as an authentic history of the events surrounding the fall of the House of Romanoff are unfortunately few. It seems now to be pretty well settled, by evidence most trustworthy, that the Czar and his family were murdered by the Bolsheviks, though their bodies were never found. So that a book, a handsome, well-printed and bound volume, will probably prove of more interest to collectors who value the unusual than to earnest students seeking light on the appearance of the Czar and his family.

In Ye Olden Time

hoop skirts were worn by those who first asked the druggist, and insisted on having the genuine Golden Medical Discovery put up by Dr. Pierce over fifty years ago. Dress has changed very much since then! But Dr. Pierce's medicines contain the same dependable ingredients. They are standard today just as they were fifty years ago and never contained alcohol.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the stomach and blood cannot be surpassed by any remedy today.

At this time of the year some people feel "all out of sorts"—their vitality is at a low ebb—the blood becomes surcharged with poisons! The best blood medicine and tonic is called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts vim, vigor, vitality into the blood. Try it. This is what folks say about it.

LINDSIDE, W. VA.—"This is to certify that I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I can recommend it very highly to suffering humanity. I had been a sufferer from indigestion and stomach trouble for over five months, nothing I ate agreed with me and I could not sleep well at night. I used four packages of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and received the greatest of benefit from its use. I am at present in very good health due to the use of Dr. Pierce's Medicine. I give this medicine all the praise it is worthy in my present state of health."

—MRS. HATTIE BOYD, R. F. D. 1, Box 11.